

THE CRICKET THAT SINGS

Autor: Pablo Tagliavacche Andreu.

www.worldingmyworld.com

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I want to talk this week about the cricket that sings. His name is Santiago, like the character in “The alchemist”.

I found Santiago one night in the bathroom of my home. I needed to pee and I went quickly to urinate. I couldn’t see anything. I was only thinking to pee. The first second... you can imagine the sensation when you are full... mmmmm so good!

But, after 2 seconds, I felt strange. Something was different. It was Santiago on the floor, singing, looking at me. I thought Santiago was a cockroach. -What the hell!!! What are you doing here!!!???. I asked him waiting for an answer and moving my body from fear. But he was more afraid than me and started to run to a safe place. Then, I couldn’t hear Santiago. It was silent in the bathroom. I cleaned my hands. There was only the sound of the water. I stayed quiet for one minute. Santiago was patient, in calm. After a while, he started to sing again. So clear. It is strange but Santiago was lost in a bathroom, maybe so far away from his home. Anything else. Only the bad smell and the cold of the white room. How did he arrive to that place? This could be like a big adventure for a human.

If you know the story of “The alchemist” you know about “the personal legend” of each character. Maybe the personal legend of Santiago (the cricket) was to find a “cricket girl” in any part of the world singing a beautiful romantic song...

The next day I went to the bathroom, waiting for a good, new song. But the “rockstar” was not in the bathroom. I was sad. The bathroom will not be the same without him. I missed him... running, singing and scaring me. I was worried about it. Maybe he didn’t eat anything and used all his strength to sing, to fulfil his personal legend, to find a “cricket girl”. It is a good reason to die. Finding your personal legend.

After my sad moments I went to the kitchen and... I heard Santiago singing again! He was alive! I couldn’t believe it. I think he was behind the refrigerator. Singing. Happy. And probably, he was thinking of finding a beautiful “cricket girl”. It is one of the bravest crickets that I have ever seen. I felt glad for Santiago. Maybe, in the kitchen, he could eat something and stay for a long time. I don’t know anything about crickets. I don’t know about its diet but I felt good for him. I had my dinner and I listened Santiago all the time singing for a “cricket girl” and, maybe, singing for me, for our new friendship.

The 3rd day was really different. I went to the kitchen again and it was silent. I waited a couple of minutes. Santiago didn’t sing. He had gone. Maybe, he found, finally, his personal legend, outside the home, in another part, in the garden...

Santiago makes me think of my personal legend. If a cricket can survive in all those conditions, alone, in a cold place with anything to eat, nobody to find, but staying happy, singing, moving to new places without knowing about the future... Why are people worried about little things?

I am like Santiago. I want to find my personal legend.